

Ode to the Sun

Obscura

What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
To whom our vows and wishes bend
Here our solemn search has end
Mother of a hundred gods
Divine creation give her odds
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity, numinous and unparalleled
This this is she - Sitting like a Goddess bright
This this is she - In the center of her light
Mark what radiant state she spreads
In circle round her shining throne
Scatter radiance like silver shreds
This this is she
To the celestial sirens harmony
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound
This this is she
Fame that her high worth to raise
Once seemed so lavish and profuse
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise